THE ARGUS.

Published Daily and Weekly at 1624 Second avenue, Rock Island, Ill. [Entered at the postoffice as second-class matter.]

Rock Island Member of the Associated Press.

BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

TERMS.—Daily, 10 cents per week. Weekly, $1 per year in advance.

Complaints of delivery service should be made to the circulation department, which should also be notified in every instance where it is desired to have paper discontinued, as carriers have no authority in the premises.

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Telephones in all departments: Central Union, West 145 and 1145; Union Electric, 5145.

ALLIED PRINTING TRADES UNION LABEL COUNCIL THE CITY

Monday, November 20, 1911.

Make up your mind to do your Christmas shopping earlier than you did last year.

Those Chicago butter men who advance butter when they so will, seem to be something of a trust.

The only way Attorney General Wickersham can catch the beef trust napping is to keep himself awake.

Was it not too bad that that snow storm should come just as everything was ready to begin that Long View loop?

Just now there seems to be no immediate necessity for the invention of special guns to destroy aeroplanes. They destroy themselves fast enough.

President Taft is to take up the question of the increased cost of living in his measure to congress. Funny he did not think of that when he vetoed the democratic tariff bills.

An island has arisen in the sea near Trinidad. Here is a chance for international complications. Can't somebody shave it off close to the water?

Tobacco Trust Still a Trust.

In the opinion of many students of the trust question the tobacco trust is the victor. That is the real meaning they give the approval by the United States circuit court of New York of the tobacco trust's reorganization plan. The tobacco trust is to remain. Competition is not restored. The stock ownership is not divided. The actual activities of manufacture and distribution are not even placed under different supervisions. The circuit court politely declines the responsibility of making an order which shall make the business of the tobacco trust fulfill the supreme court's interpretation of the Sherman law. Discussing the possibility of ordering a receivership and the sale of the tobacco trust properties, the lower court says it could not prevent the present owners from bidding in the property if they were so inclined. In other words the tobacco trust is not "busted."

Indeed, it is scarcely scratched.

What the People Pay.

The people of the United States pay a subsidy, in artificially high prices, to the wool industry, of at least $104,000,000 a year, according to the calculations of Hon. Oscar W. Underwood of Alabama, chairman of the ways and means committee of the house of representatives.

"The Payne-Aldrich tax of 61 cents per yard, to say nothing of any increase in tax as it passes to the jobber, makes not less than $104,000,000 paid each year to subsidize the wool industry of America," says Mr. Underwood. "Now, the entire duties actually paid the United States on all imports of woolens and worsteds in 1910, amounted to less than $15,500,000, which means that of the $104,000,000 extorted from the consumers of woolens nearly $90,000,000 went to the wool interests.

"Is it fair or just or right to maintain these enormous taxes unduly to foster the business of less than one-fourth of one per cent of the people and to require ninety-nine and three-fourths per cent to stagger under this enormous burden? I for one do not believe the American people will justify the president in his veto of the wool schedule."

Criminal Law and the Beef Packers.

The government first instituted proceedings against the beef trust May 10, 1902, filing a petition for a temporary injunction. That was nine years and five months ago.

Ten days later the temporary injunction issued, a year and 17 days thereafter it was made permanent, and on Jan. 31, 1905, it was sustained by the supreme court of the United States.

The last six years have been occupied with investigations by five federal grand juries, the return and amendment of indictments, hearings on demurrers, special pleas and other matters interposed for delay.

Federal Judge Humphreys' famous "immunity bath," for issuing which President Roosevelt scathingly denounced him, for years kept the packers from facing a jury to try them for their liberty.

One day last week the indicted [illegible] themselves in Judge Kohlsaat's court in Chicago and their attorneys applied in their behalf for a writ of habeas corpus, sought on the ground that the criminal section of the Sherman law, under which they were indicted, is unconstitutional for vagueness in not describing the act constituting the alleged crime. The court released the prisoners on new bonds and the hearing on the application now engages him.

The object of this course was to secure a delay of several years more. The contest between the government and the packers will center about the constitutionality of the criminal clause of the Sherman act. Finally held to be constitutional that door will be shut against the packers, but the versatility revealed by their lawyers indicates they may find another door open.

Judge Kohlsaat, however, refused the habeas corpus writ and ordered the trial this week.

Even if the packers shall go to trial, several years additional must elapse before their conviction—should they be convicted—shall be confirmed by the court of last resort.

There seems every warrant for the assertion that when the time comes for the government to swing shut the doors of a prison cell against them they will be dead.

The delay attending the criminal prosecution of the packers constitutes a scandal without a parallel in American legal jurisprudence. Even if the prosecution shall fail of its purpose to put lawbreakers behind the bars it cannot fail forcibly to remind the public of the difficulties besetting any attempt to put the stripes upon rich criminals, nor fail to stimulate a compelling demand for reform that shall give the prisoner at the bar no more chance than has the prisoner at the English bar.

It is a remarkable fact that since the rules of our court practice were laid down more than a century ago they have not been adapted to meet changing needs and are wholly inadequate for dealing with that promptness and justice imperative in the government's relation to offenders against its laws.

Desirable as is the conviction of the heads of the lawless trust, more desirable and necessary is it that the weakness of present practice be remedied so that in future the heads of the one hundred and one other criminal trusts may be speedily required to expiate their offenses in prison.

Inequalities in Taxation.

In what this Delphos, Kan., editor writes of his own experience with taxation a good many people will recognize a familiar condition. He says:

"Once upon a time the editor of this paper became possessed of the laudable ambition to own a home. Having managed to save up a few dollars, he purchased upon the payment plan some property which had been taken in on mortgage by an eastern investment company.

"The house was in such bad repair that it was not fit for occupancy. The cellar was full of stagnant water, weeds grew rankly about the house, the porches were rotted and sagging, the house unpainted. The lot was a couple of feet above the sidewalk and the earth had washed and caved, making it impassable. The place was an eyesore and a menace to health; we wanted a home and saw its possibilities.

"It was located in a good neighborhood and from it we had a beautiful view over a pretty valley. Being rather handy with tools, we went to work before and after office hours. We repaired the porches, painted the house, sodded and terraced the yard and drained the cellar and put in curbing and parking. We worked early and late, until at last we had as many people tell us, one of the prettiest homes in the town—and then the assessor came around and doubled our taxes.

"We were fined because we had worked hard and converted disorder into order, ugliness into beauty; and had wiped out a plague spot in the neighborhood. It is also true that the owner of a few vacant lots adjoining our place immediately advanced them in price but neglected to cut the tall weeds which grew on them. It may be added that his taxes were not increased, notwithstanding the fact that he held his lots at a higher price.

"We have told this story because the statement itself ought to cause someone to do some hard thinking. There surely is something radically wrong with a system of taxation in which a person is fined for merely being industrious."

The tax on improvements is a tax on industry and enterprise and operates to repress them. In some countries all improvements are exempt and they should be exempt in all states. England and Germany, to mention only the most important countries have found a way to keep the owner of land for speculative or investment purposes from reaping the reward of his neighbor's enterprise. Their means is the tax on the unearned increment in land values.

An assessor attentive to his duty, however, in Kansas or in Illinois, would increase the assessment on idle land to correspond with the increased price demanded by its owner. This would tend to encourage the owner to improve the land or force him to sell it. Held idle it is of no value to society.

MORGAN FALLS IN CHURCH PASSING COLLECTION BOX

New York, Nov. 20.—An immense audience which filled St. George's Episcopal church yesterday for the commemoration of the parish's 100th anniversary was alarmed for some minutes following a slight accident which befell J. Pierpont Morgan. Mr. Morgan is senior warden of St. George's. He had been helping collect the offertory and as he stepped upon the chancel he carried a large silver platter piled high with money and checks. He was about to pass this to Bishop Greer when his left foot caught on a pew cushion. The financier fell on his hands and knees almost at the feet of the bishop. Coins, bank notes and checks were scattered over the floor.

Strikers Denounce Judge.

Danville, Nov. 20.—Fifteen hundred labor unionists yesterday joined in a public protest against the use of federal injunctions in labor disputes in general and the action of United States District Judge F. M. Wright in issuing orders restraining Illinois Central strikers from picketing railroad property or seeking to influence strikebreakers. A long procession of union men carrying banners marched through the street, and, despite the request of Mayor Lewman, deviated from the announced line of march so as to pass the county jail, where five strikers are imprisoned awaiting hearings before Judge Wright on charges of contempt of court for alleged violations of his injunctions. However, there was no further demonstration at the jail and the parade ended at the opera house without any clashes with the police.

Talks with our Women Readers

By Edna Kwooley

THE OLD FASHIONED MAN.

"He's such a dear old-fashioned kind of man," said the lady with the fichu. "I just love old-fashioned men! They are so much nicer than the men are now."

Yes—she said that and she thought she knew what she was talking about. It takes a modern, independent woman of today to decry the man of today and wish for the old style of man because she actually doesn't know anything about the men of other generations.

But one who has read a good deal and one who has listened to the intimate reminiscences of aged women who have had the experience of living with old-fashioned men, has a slightly different idea about the men of yesterday and the men of today.

The modern man is not a hand-kissing flatterer who writes poems to his mistress' eyebrow and compares her to the angels in florid phrases. He's rather a practical sort of persons, hustling for the wherewithal to make his family comfortable, though often neglecting to improve himself in arts, to the expressed disapproval of his cultured femininity.

* * *

The modern man doesn't look down upon his wife as an inferior sort of person to be commanded—one with whom it would be folly to reason, as she wouldn't understand, anyway.

The man of today sees something besides sex in a woman. He admires the abilities she possesses, concedes that he runs a good race, encourages her to make progress and is more and more willing to give her credit for what she can accomplish.

Why, think of it! The man of the old days, when he married, took all his wife's property and anything she might earn, as his own. She had just as little right in her children. And he thought she should be forever grateful because he furnished her a roof under which she did all the housework, food which she had to cook herself and clothing which she literally had to make herself.

The oldentime woman had to marry. There was no other way for her to make an honest living. The oldentime man, therefore, never knew what voluntary love from a real woman meant any more than he knew the joy of an unselfish love on his own part.

The men of today are less selfish, more reasonable, where women are concerned. The modern man and woman have come down from their false pedestals, where they can stand face to face, take accurate measure of each other and know the actual worth of one another.

The man of yesterday ruled the home and family, as he ruled the wife. Whether he was just or unjust, all had to bow to his will. He acknowledged no material partner, nor that his children had any rights that he might not bestow.

* * *

Do you know why so many of those dear old-fashioned men had several wives apiece? It was because they could not or would not recognize the hardships in the average home and the average woman's physical handicaps.

The wife of the old-fashioned man was required to bear many children and to do her own housework in most cases—and that in big and draughty houses without one of the "modern conveniences" considered a necessity now. She washed and cooked and sewed and ministered unto her lord and her family, until God in His pity called her away. A few of the hardier women survived to a good old age, but the majority were old at 30, crippled with rheumatism or other disease, and on the shelf at an age when a modern woman just begins to enjoy life.

The modern man is fundamentally kinder. He has been better educated. He reasons now instead of commanding. He recognizes women as human beings, just like himself. He gives his children more liberties and more opportunities. He wants his wife to be something besides his housekeeper and a bearer of children. And he has better habits all round, than his ancestors.

It is no longer considered permissable for a gentleman to get as drunk as a lord, to curse his spouse and her brood, to hurl the morning pancakes at the cook if he doesn't like them, nor to make a scene if his wife dares to leave the house without his permission.

Nor does he make a well-dressed woman the theme for an essay on extravagance and even indecency, limiting his own womenfolk to calico year in and year out as something good enough for respectable women to wear.

The old-fashioned man spread on the flattery. The modern man delivers the real courtesy, which consists of consideration and appreciation and a sense of fair play. He's giving women the squarest deal they ever had in history—and I'm for him!

BRYAN HAS WORD

New York, Nov. 20.—William Jennings Bryan ventured to disagree with Theodore Roosevelt's views on trust regulations shortly before he sailed on the Hamburg-American liner Prinz Joachim for a vacation trip to Jamaica, Panama and Porto Rico. He was asked whether he thought Mr. Roosevelt's editorial was an indication of preparation to take an active part in the campaign of 1912.

"I am willing to let Mr. Roosevelt speak for himself on that suoject," said Mr. Bryan. "While the editorial might be construed as an indication of intention on his part to reenter politics, in a personal sense, it is not necessary to so construe it.

"The defense he makes of the steel trust transaction will not, in my judgment, stand. The important thing about the editorial is that he has failed to distinguish between ordinary corporations engaged in legitimate business and trusts. He seems to overlook this distinction and attempts to divide them into good and bad trusts. The fatal error, in my judgment, is that he wants to prove that a trust is injurious, whereas it ought to be presumed that a trust is injurious.

"Mr. Roosevelt's plan to regulate trusts has been tried. He was president seven years and did not succeed in regulating the trusts. The commission he suggests would be a dangerous experiment, I believe. It is fashioned on the theory that competition is impossible. This is a tendency toward socialism."

CANNED HISTORY

(Peoria Star.)

What would we not give to hear the voice of Shakespeare, or to see Julius Caesar walking down the street? Yet that, or something like it, is what the Modren Historic Records association proposes to do for the future. Not only will it keep straight the annals of dry events, but it will hand down phonograph records and moving picture films of all that might interest men in the 22nd century.

There is only one danger in this process. The future may not place emphasis on the same things we play as headlines. Frequently an inconsequental event or inconapicuous person, as measured by the standards of the present, becomes vastly magnified by time; while the big things to us may reach the vanishing point a century hence. Let by keeping a record of nearly everything perhaps the association may manage to hand down the truly important things along with the refuse.

Some of the giants of history were not played large by their own age. Galileo chiefly occasioned head waggings. Joan of Arc was thought so little of in her own time that no authentic picture of her was handed down. Savonarola was both hanged and burned to make sure that he was entirely dead. Only the disciples of Socrates beheld the greatness of the man, and even they failed to measure him as the world has measured him since.

The Historic Records association has a great idea. All it needs is a prophet to tell it what really is history.

Not Too Good.

Uncle inquired of little Bobby if he had been a good boy. Bobby—No, I haven't. Uncle — Why, I hope you haven't been very bad. Bobby—Oh, no; just comfortable.

Blessings.

Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses and disappointments, but let him have patience and he will see them in their proper figure.—Addison.

Humor and Philosophy

By DUNCAN M. SMITH

THE POOR DOWNTRODDEN.

SEND sympathy
And soothing sirup
And any other little first aid
On which hands can be laid.
It is a most pathetic case
For ones of their haughty race,
And your tears
Should not be in arrears,
For, lo,
The trusts must go,
Must hunt their holes,
If they have holes to hunt!
If not, to be blunt,
They must dig some.
The word has been said,
And they are as good as dead.
Right now—
Maybe.
We shall see.
The downtrodders are to be downtrodden.
To feel the rod on
Their haughty backs.
They must make tracks
To the beautiful land of Nowhere.
This is on the square.
Isn't it pathetic?
Well, rather,
To see them gather
Up their playthings and hike
Along the dusty pike.
But hold before you throw
A fit. Only the bad ones must go.
The good ones can stay
And play
In our back yard.
But it will go hard
With those that have no regard
For law
Or little things like that.
To the bat
Then, trust busters!
Buckle on your fighting mitts.
Though they cry "Quits!"
Spare them not
Until there is left
But a picturesque grease spot.

Truly So.

McGovern

"Always do the best you can."

"I do, but it is discouraging."

"Why is it?"

"Because my wife always cans the best I do."

Going Some.

"Heard about Lazenby?"

"No; what about him?"

"I read in the paper that his wife was robbed of several thousand dollars' worth of diamonds last night."

"Gee! I didn't know that Lazenby had got to a place where he could afford that sort of advertising."

Her Hat.

"Look at Miss Gayley's hat."

"Do you suppose she bought it because she thinks it is becoming?"

"How could she!"

"Then how do you explain it?"

"Maybe she thinks she is getting too popular."

Quite Foreign.

"He has only been over a little while."

"Does he talk English?"

"Like an Englishman."

"Why doesn't he learn the language?"

Grand Old Wreck.

"He was wrecked three times."

"On the ocean?"

"Twice on the water and once on beer."

Can Stand It.

For southern skies to dodge the snow
The little birds gets started,
And, though the coal man sees them go,
Yet he is not downhearted.

PERT PARAGRAPHS.

One man gets old just as rapidly as another; the only difference is some have been at it longer.

More girls escape matrimony because they can earn their own livelihoods than because they can't cook.

Any old meal that his wife cooks and serves on the kitchen table will taste good to a man if he has been at a boarding house long enough.

If the things we are going to do would only pause and let us catch up with them there would be a great flurry of execution on dress parade.

All girls are dead certain in their hearts that they want to marry—until they have a chance.

Hope gets us up in the morning, and quite often despair chases us to bed at night.

Some women talk about nothing—in a perfect garrulous manner.

The only way to escape the morning after is to dodge the night before.

Having nothing to do is what makes a lot of us get extremely busy.

Don't be too intimate with new friends. They may take it as an invitation to borrow money of you.

The Argus Daily Story

Marguerite—By Harry Van Amberg.

One evening in December a masked ball was in progress in the house of one of Charleston's most aristocratic citizens. Edmond Fitz Hugh, a young man who but a year before had by inheritance come into the possession of a large plantation, was there, having left his home to mingle with the gay doings of Charleston during the winter season.

Before going to the ball he had stumbled into an unpleasant affair. His cousin, Arthur Trudeau, had that afternoon called upon him to be his second in an affair of honor which was to come off at daylight the next morning. Fitz Hugh, who had no stomach for such encounters, even though not himself a principal, was obliged, therefore, to dance all night with women whose faces he could not see under the cloud of being obliged at the end to go out and assist a man to kill his adversary.

While brooding over his ill luck he caught sight of a woman's figure flitting through a doorway. She was dressed as Marguerite of Goethe's "Faust," a becoming costume to any young woman, and her long hair, braided, hung nearly to the floor. On the principle that a vista is more effective than an extended view the glimpse Fitz Hugh caught of this figure was more entrancing than if he had been permitted to gaze upon it as long as he desired. He darted after Marguerite, reaching the opening through which she had passed just in time to see her pass another. Hurrying on, he found her chaffing one of her own sex, playfully tapping the other with her fan. When the two parted Fitz Hugh joined Marguerite.

Darrow

SHE RAISED HER MASK.

Now, it so happened that Fitz Hugh had chosen to personate Mephistopheles. The girl shrank away from him, feigning horror.

"Don't be afraid of me," he said. "The devil is not always so bad as he is painted."

"For me he is worse."

"In this case I assure you his villainy is no deeper than his clothes."

"Even his clothes are tempting. Red and black is a charming combination. Besides, the costume is admirably adapted to show a handsome figure."

"You are quite apt at tossing compliments. I would remark that the character of Marguerite is especially fitted for the display of a wealth of hair."

"If we keep on we shall entirely upset the plan of Goethe's poem."

"How so?"

"Marguerite will be falling in love with Mephistopheles instead of Dr. Faustus."

"You mean she will bewitch the devil."

A merry burst of laughter greeted this sally. Fitz Hugh offered his arm to the girl, and they walked through the different rooms, occasionally dancing. Mephistopheles' attention to Marguerite excited much remark and a good deal of merriment, a number of jokes being cracked at the expense of one of the masqueraders who had taken the part of Faust. There was also a Valentine present, Valentine being the name in the poem of Marguerite's brother, whom Faust kills. This masked Valentine afforded much amusement by approaching Fitz Hugh and shaking his fist in his face, whereupon the latter told him that he was threatening the wrong man and had better go and find Faust.

These pleasantries enabled Mephistopheles to retain the company of Marguerite, and so fascinated was he with her chat, or, rather, with her self—excepting her face, which he could not see—that at last he led her into a room where no one was present and begged her to give him at least a moment's glimpse of her countenance.

"Don't you know," she said, "that a homely woman may look entrancing with her face covered? All she needs is a good figure and to caper about mischievously."

"If I were to find you a gorgon I would"—

"And, knowing you to be the devil, yet I cannot help"— She finished the sentence with ringing laughter, whereupon he quoted the couplet:

"A pretty woman with two black eyes
Is the biggest devil among them all."

"Very well," she said, "I will give you the glimpse you desire, but it will not be my fault if the image you have conjured up in your imagination is shattered."

"I'll risk it," he said.

She raised her mask, displaying the prettiest, roguish face he had ever beheld.

Fitz Hugh had thought that if he could see her face he would be satisfied. Now he burned to know who she was, for she pulled down her mask at once and was about to run away. But he stopped her.

"Who are you?" he asked.

"Marguerite."

"Your real name?"

"I may have a purpose in showing my face to the devil and a purpose in not giving him my name. I have the experience of the real Marguerite before me."

However, Fitz Hugh begged so hard that she consented to write her name on a bit of paper, but pledged him not to look at it so long as the masquerade continued. Then she hurried away, saying that only their masks enabled them to be seen so long in each other's company without remark.

Fitz Hugh at once began to crave a sight at the name written on the paper she gave him. The masquerade continued till dawn, and he was then about to look at the name when he was summoned on that other duty which, in his affair of the heart, he had almost forgotten. No opportunity occurring to look at the paper, he crammed it back into his pocket and accompanied his cousin to the field.

Fitz Hugh did not understand the cause of the fight. On the way to the ground Trudeau tried to explain it to him, but Fitz Hugh was dreaming of the masked beauty and did not hear half that he said. They found the principal of the other side and his second on the ground, and within a few minutes the firing distance had been paced and all was ready for the fight.

Most of those present had been at the masquerade ball, but all had stopped on their way to the field to change their clothes. Trudeau's opponent, Rutledge, was a handsome young fellow, but showed signs of dissipation. He was in a fierce temper with his enemy and with every one else for that matter. He took his position, muttering low curses that indicated a duel to the death. Trudeau was composed and gentlemanlike in his behavior. He had been called to account for some fancied slight to Rutledge and was evidently intending to stand up to be fired at without any design to injure his opponent. Fitz Hugh, who saw that Rutledge was bent on a bloody fight, warned his cousin that he must kill or be killed, but Trudeau shook his head as much as to say that he would rather risk death than have the blood of his antagonist on his hands.

The two men stood facing each other till they received the signal, then fired, Trudeau a trifle before the other who withheld his shot purposely—putting a ball through a limb of a tree several yards above his opponent's head. Then Rutledge took deliberate aim, fired, and Trudeau fell in a heap.

Fitz Hugh was stung with indignation. "That was unfair," he cried.

"You think it unfair, do you?" snarled Rutledge. "You'll give me satisfaction for the imputation, and I'll put you where I put him."

"I'll not give you a chance to murder me as you have murdered him with a pistol."

"Choose your weapon."

While this was going on the surgeon was examining Trudeau and pronounced him dead. Fitz Hugh heard it simultaneously with Rutledge's last words.

"I'll fight you with foils," he said.

"Done!" exclaimed the other.

There were no foils at hand, and half an hour was consumed in obtaining them. Some thought that the party had better get away to avoid the authorities, but Rutledge would not hear of it. So when the weapons were received the principals stood up and began to fence. Neither knew much about the use of the weapon he held, and Rutledge was under the influence of liquor. They had fought but a few minutes when he made a lunge right on to the point of Fitz Hugh's foil.

This cooled his opponent's anger, who was horror stricken at the double tragedy. He waited eagerly for the surgeon's report, which was the same as before. Rutledge had been pierced through a vital part.

Fitz Hugh left the field with a heavy heart. An idea crept into his mind that the part of Mephistopheles he had taken the night before had brought this tragedy.

"Was he at the ball?" he asked on the way.

"Yes; he took the part of Valentine in Goethe's 'Faust.'"

Fitz Hugh shuddered.

When he got to his room he threw himself in a chair before a table and, bowing his head on his arms, sat shivering with horror. The night and the morning seemed like a dream—the beginning a delight, the ending a tragedy. His cousin had been murdered, and he had killed that cousin's murderer. Suddenly he was stricken with another fear. Taking the bit of paper Marguerite had given him, he opened it and read, "Luella Rutledge."

He had killed her brother.

Nov. 20 in American History

1891—William James Florence (Bernard Conlin), popularly known as "Billy Florence," comedian, died; born 1831.

1892—The great strike at Homestead, Pa., officially declared off.

1909—The eighth United States circuit court, sitting as a court of appeals, ordered the Standard Oil corporation to dissolve.

All the news all the time.—The Argus.